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No. 60, by Emil Schubach, Coming from Church in a Westphalia Village, is good, clever and characteristic in drawing, and well worked up.

No. 63, Edwin Booth as Hamlet, by John Pape, is meritorious, though it lacks warmth of color. With the sombreness of the figure the artist should have endeavored to lighten up his back-ground.

No. 69, St. Peter delivered from Prison, by C. G. Thompson. We can only say that if Saint Peter bore any resemblance whatever to this picture, he never would have been released from prison, but kept always, as a matter of precaution for the public safety. The Bridgroom Cometh, No. 75, by E. D. E. Greene, is another picture of the same class, which instead of elevating art, and making holy things more holy, only casts ridicule upon them. No. 79, The Lower Falls of the Genesee, by John W. Hill, is another wretched attempt to do something, resulting in an utter failure. When will tyros, who call themselves artists, learn that water in motion should only be attempted by one who is really capable of handling a pencil.

Nos. 89 and 105 are a couple of the usual style of Washington pictures painted by Rossiter. The first he calls The Palmy Days of Mount Vernon, and the second, The Library at Mount Vernon. We never could understand why an artist who undertakes to represent Washington should think it necessary to stick to that same old cast-iron way of rendering his figure. Mr. Rossiter's pictures look as though every figure in them had been hewed from hard timber and set in their places with imperative orders not to stir.

No. 102 is another picture by Ehringer, much better than his average, a Mule, Cart, and Driver of St. Augustine, Florida. Mr. Ehringer, in all his pictures, wants warmth of color. No. 122 is a Ploughing Scene, by the same artist, clever, but having the same fault as the last.

No. 116 is a charming picture, by Lambdius, of Apple Boughs in May, which breathes naturally.

Cafferty has several pictures worthy attention, the best of which are No. 118, Study of Brook Trout, and 121, My Girl. Mr. Cafferty is a careful artist, with a good eye for color, and more in him than he ever chose to bring out.

Sommer has a good picture in No. 125, On the Sea Coast. His water is good, but the rocks, flat.

In this room are two Cherries; the first, No. 138, by Miss S. W. Wensler, and the second, No. 141, by G. B. Sutton, which are worth attention, as showing how to do it, and how not to. No. 141 is a charming picture, the fruit having all the brightness and

transparency of the real article, while No. 138 is—not so.

Hampton Beach, No. 156, by M. J. Hende, is good, the distances well managed, and the water like water.

There are several pictures of H. P. Gray's on the walls, and we wish we could say something pleasant about them, but we cannot, in truth. No. 160, Bassanio and Portia before the Casket Scene, and No. 168, Ophelia, are ambitious attempts that we can hardly realize as having come from the hand of a man whom we have heard styled the Titian of America. The coloring is cold and harsh, and the manner of treating the latter subject is almost provocative of a laugh. That Ophelia ever could have floated as Mr. Gray has represented her, is an absurdity, and the first glance at the picture is suggestive of a Newport belle disporting herself in a fashionable bathing costume.

Dana has a picture, No. 175, La Petite Normandie, which is worthy notice. It is good both in color and drawing, and characteristic. The next picture to it is No. 176, Fort Lee, N. J., by J. G. Brown. Very truthfully done, pleasant in color, and good manipulation.

The best picture in the Exhibition is No. 185, Admiral Farragut's Fleet Passing the Forts below New Orleans, by M. F. H. De Haas. The artist in this picture has not striven after blood and thunder effects, though he had a fiery subject to handle. There is no strain about it, but the beholder may see in it the very thing as it occurred. The heavy, lumbering steamer; the little tug careening on its course, like a vicious wasp; the dark, leaden sky, lighted up here and there by the lurid messengers belched from the guns; the reflection on the water, all give a life-like representation of a scene that has impressed itself on history as one of the most fearful in the record of war. No. 190 is another picture by the same artist, entitled A Breezy Morning. These pictures stamp Mr. De Haas as a great artist.

No. 191 is Leutze's rendering of Tennyson's Elaine. The poet tells us that Elaine was of almost superhuman beauty, but we cannot see it in Mr. Leutze's picture. A prominent fault in this work is the mixing of the distant shore so completely up with the boat that is supposed to be floating a long distance away, that it is impossible to tell which is which.

One more picture and we shall dismiss the Exhibition for this week. This one more is No. 200, The Young Shepherdess, by Fazinain. We look upon this as a most wonderful effort in art. The picture is evidently intended for a likeness of some tender young female, but what she ever did to be placed in such an uncomfortable position we cannot say. Why she should have got one leg in

the air so strangely and forced the artist to put that rock under it, is more than we can fathom. And then that she should be haunted by that goblin sheep that is behind her, with crooked legs, is another mystery.

To speak truthfully and earnestly, there are not three really good pictures in the whole exhibition. They all lack life and idea. Either our American artists are retrograding fast, or they will not exhibit at the Academy. Which is it? If the latter, it is time some understanding was come to, or some place where a stranger coming to New York could see what is doing here in art, and that a whole people may not be brought to shame for the shortcomings of a few individuals. We shall resume these notices next week.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

The event of the week has been the production at Wallack's of a new play by Mr. Watts Phillips, entitled Maud's Peril.

The name of Mr. Phillips is familiar to the American playgoer as the author of The Huguenot Captain, Lost in London, and various plays of the sensational school, from which Maud's Peril does not vary.

The plot of the play is simple. Gerald Gwynn (Ringgold) is betrothed to Maud Sefton (Rose Eytinge) and goes with his regiment to the Crimea, where he is supposed by Maud, who has been deceived by her father, to have been killed. In time a marriage is made between Maud and Sir Ralph Chaloner, (Stoddart,) an elderly gentleman of the aristocrat persuasion. Shortly after its accomplishment Gwynn turns up all alive, and the curtain goes down upon the first act after their meeting, and the introduction to us of the heavy villain, Toby Taperloy, (Mr. J. W. Wallack,) who has just returned from eight years transportation, and is the husband of Susan Taperloy, (Mrs. Sefton,) Maud's nurse.

The second act brings on Maud's peril, which is that Gwynn wishes her, as usual, to fly, but she respectfully declines to accept.

In the third act, Toby Taperloy comes into play. Sir Ralph, through him, and from having caught Maud sleep-walking, where she betrays the secret of her love for Gwynn and gives up one of his letters, thinks the best thing he can do is to have Gwynn killed, and engages Toby to do it. Toby rather sticks at this from the fact that he knew Gwynn as a child and likes him. He is willing to take the money offered, and does so by using the knife on Sir Ralph, and escaping. The old man's screams attract Gwynn, who is lurking about in hopes of seeing Maud, and who rushes to him. As the curtain goes down Sir Ralph is dying, and with his last breath denouncing Gerald as his murderer.

The next and last act gives us the Black Lion Hotel, York, and Sir Ralph all alive, and waiting for the conviction of Gerald, who is being tried. At this moment Toby turns up, much to Sir Ralph's annoyance, who is willing to let him go that he may carry out his scheme of vengeance against Gerald. This is frustrated by the entrance of Maud, who has been wandering in mind, but has recovered. She instantly recognizes Toby as the real assassin, from the circumstance of his crossing the room crying "The Knife! the Knife!" as she was taking one of her usual midnight promenades on the night of the attempted murder. She rushes at and seizes him crying for help; Sir Ralph, who has gone out for a moment, comes back. There is a grand struggle, in which he attempts to rescue Toby from her hands and enable him to get away. Maud sees it all, the ruin of Gerald, and denounces Sir Ralph. Then comes the grand tableau—Maud—"I am innocent, and have always upheld my honor as a wife." Gerald is released, and the old baronet, to make things all right, is suddenly taken with a spasm, and dies at five minutes' notice, upon which auspicious event the curtain goes down, leaving outsiders to imagine that the old lovers marry, live in peace, and die in a pot of grease, as the old legends have it.

Through the whole of Maud's Peril the action is rapid, save in the second act, which drags somewhat heavily. Mr. Phillips intends to keep his interpreters stirring, and he generally succeeds in doing so. The story of the play is interesting, and held its audience—which was as full and fashionable as we have ever seen in this house—to the last moment. To speak of the appointments of the stage at Wallack's is a work of supererogation, but we must declare that no house in the country can equal it.

Miss Rose Eytinge, to whom the audience were looking with anxiety on this occasion for an exemplification of her powers in a new role in a new place, did not altogether come up to our expectation. There was an absent-mindedness about her, a coldness that argued want of confidence in herself, and by this she failed to reach her audience as the character of Maud Chaloner should reach them. Miss Eytinge presents a fine appearance on the stage, but she lacks that fire that would give her a high position in her art if she would cultivate it. Repose is a good thing in genteel comedy, but in the sensation drama it is hardly wanted. We would suggest another trifle to Miss Eytinge, which is that ladies are hardly supposed to retire to rest in full dress, even though it be white muslin, or sleep in a fashionable bonnet, or something strongly resembling one. Her appearance in the sleep-walking scene so attired was rather *outré* to say the least of it,

even though, as a lady at our elbow observed, "Wallack's audience demand it."

Mr. J. W. Wallack as Taperloy made a very decided success. Mr. W. is a fine actor and could scarcely touch anything that he would injure, but in this he has struck his vein as completely as though the dramatist had fitted it to him. In the scene between himself and where Sir Ralph detects him under his alias, he was more than good, and the little touch where he throws off the old man, who has clutched him by the throat, stamped him as an artist, and met the hearty appreciation of the audience.

Stoddart did Sir Ralph as he always does everything, carefully, while all the other characters, though not deserving of especial mention, were well done. The play itself presents no marked features to enable any one to create a character from it, though each may be deserving in their line.

Maud's Peril will have a run, deservedly, and add another to the line of sensational drama engrafted on the American stage.

The Olympic, with Midsummer Night's Dream, is having a wonderful success. Every night the house is crowded, and the play bids fair to go through the holidays swimmingly.

The Grand Duchess enters upon her tenth week and still remains as great an attraction as ever. It seems as though all New York had been waiting for the return of Tostee and is now making up for lost time.

Next week the Devil's Auction with all its attractions moves to the Academy of Music. With the fine accommodations in this house it will be a great success, but the idea occurs to our mind what a great sensation might have been made if Max Maretzek had, but joined hands with this elegant ballet troupe, and given the public that and opera together.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from Ticknor & Fields the November volume of the Diamond Edition of Charles Dickens' works. It contains the five Christmas Books: "A Christmas Carol," "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man." It also contains the celebrated sketches by Boz, of which there are seven chapters, twenty-five scenes, and twelve characters, besides twelve of his earlier tales.

This is one of the most interesting volumes of the whole series, for he has never surpassed his Christmas books, either in pathos, humor, broad humanity or moral force. The volume has a farther interest, for in the Sketches we can trace the dawning of that genius which was destined to lay contribution on the gratitude of generations yet

unborn. The volume is cleverly illustrated by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jun.

We understand that the arrival of Mr. Charles Dickens has given an extraordinary impulse to the sale of his works. The demand is so extensive and so imperative that Ticknor & Fields, with all their vast resources, are hardly able to keep pace with it. Good. The more these works are circulated, the more humane and sympathetic will grow the public heart, for every line therein is designed to ameliorate some great wrong, or smooth the rugged road of those who suffer.

We have also received from Ticknor & Fields the Atlantic Monthly for December. Its contents are worthy of its reputation, and are sufficiently varied to prove of general interest. The articles are as follows: The Guardian Angel, XII; A Mysterious Personage; A Tour in the Dark; An Autumn Song; By-ways of Europe; A Visit to the Balearic Islands; Minor Elizabethan Dramatists; Our Pacific Railroads; Grandmother's Story—The Great Snow; Tojourns Amour; Among the Workers in Silver; What we Feel; Sonnet; Literature as an Art; A Young Desperado; Reviews and Literary Notices.

From the same house we have also received the December number of that most popular and amusing magazine for youth, "Our Young Folks." The literary contents are as varied as usual, comprising the following articles: "Cast Away in the Cold"—The Pacha's Son; Miss Emily Proudie Makes a Discovery; Round the World Joe, VIII; More About Swimming and Salt Water; Good Old Times, XII; In Tonies' Swing; About Some Picture Books; Prudy and the Pedler; Over the Wall; Pictures in the Fire—Music by J. R. Thomas; Round the Evening Fire, and Our Letter Box. The illustrations this week are unusually numerous, and are of their usual excellence, both in the drawing and the engraving. Altogether it is a brilliant Christmas number, and of most special interest to our young folks.

The Old Guard Magazine for December, published by Van Evrie and Horton, is as interesting in its contents as usual. The articles generally possess much literary merit. Its proclivities are with the South, but there is much in its contents to interest those who entertain different opinions. The history of the battles of the rebellion are written with graphic power and with fairness; the critical judgments being sometimes terribly impartial.

We have received from S. R. Wells his Monthly Phrenological Journal for December, also the Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy for 1867. These are the ablest works published on the subjects, and their extensive circulation bears evidence to the increasing interest of the public in these sciences.